

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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T. W. PEGUES.

Poetry.

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

The following little song is all the rage in Paris. The words are by Charles Joffroy.

You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette,
There is no one left to love me now,
And you, too, may forget,
But my heart will be with you,
Wherever you may go,
Can you look me in the face
And say the same, Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red,
And the beautiful cockade,
Oh, I fear you will forget,
All the promises you made;
With the gun upon your shoulder,
And the bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some proud life,
And be making her your bride.

Oh, when glory leads the way,
You'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you,
That my happiness is gone;
If you win the day perhaps,
A general you'll be,
Though I'm proud to think of this,
What will become of me;
Oh, if I were Queen of France,
Or still better Pope of Rome,
I would have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home;
All this would should be in peace,
Or if kings must show their might,
Why, let them make the quarrels,
Be the only men to fight.

Agricultural.

From the Carolina Farmer.

CURING AND STACKING FODDER.

Mr. Editor: Until last year, I was in the habit of curing my fodder wholly in the sun and putting it up in double stacks. This I call the old plan. The objections to it are; in the first place, that many of the leaves dry, crumble, and are lost, and the stems and succulent portions are fit to be stacked. In the second place, that intensely hot sun is hurtful to the fodder, that cured in the shade being always the most fragrant and nutritious. It is the practice of the best English, French and Flemish farmers, in curing their hay, to expose it as little as possible to the sun. It is carried in dry, but it preserves its green color; and you see hay two or three years old in their stacks of so bright a green color, that we would scarcely conceive it to be cured; yet they are in the practice of preserving it for years, and value it more for its age. Cured in this way, scarce a leaf is wasted and the hay preserves its freshness and fragrance; and it is said that at least ten per cent. is gained in quantity, and as much in quality. A third objection to the old plan is, that the fodder is more liable to be seriously injured by dews and rain; and the fact is, in a season like this, when we have had rains almost every day, if we are to depend upon curing our fodder wholly in the sun, we shall not have one good stack in ten. If, therefore, we can find upon a plan by which we can make better fodder and with less sun, and stand a better chance of getting in that part of the crop. With this view, I have the fodder which is pulled in the forenoon stacked in the evening of the same day, provided there has been no rain about it. If it is wet, I allow it to become perfectly dry before it is stacked; and my plan is simply this:

A pole is placed in the ground, at the spot where you intend to stack. Four other poles, or fence rails if your stacks be small, are placed around the centre pole about a foot or more from the bottom and then all tied together at the top, with a grape vine or anything handy, forming a cone. Place some brush or a few rails at the bottom, so as to raise the fodder a little off the ground. Then commence laying your fodder in single bundles around this cone and when you have finished, it will be a hollow stack. The air having free passage underneath the stack, will circulate in the hollow, and the fodder finish curing in the shade and unexposed to the weather. You may cure and stack peas vines in the same way.

For this improvement, as I conceive it to be, I am indebted to an old agricultural friend who had all his life followed the 'good old way' of curing and stacking fodder, until about two years ago, he happened to learn from an agricultural paper, not a 'old negro,' that the best mode of curing hay, &c., was to expose it but little to the sun, he conceived his plan of stacking fodder so as to have it cured partly in the shade. He has adopted the plan for the last two years, and thinks he makes better fodder by it, and certainly runs less risk of weather. I have also had my fodder stacked in the same way, and am much pleased with the plan; and I now send it to you to make 'book knowledge' of it.

FENIX.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—There's a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm-houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of a sheep or of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamed of till the mischief was done. In towns and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and titled fair, you are on your guard; you are exposed, and put on your breastplate, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of night eagles, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise.

Out steps a fair creature—crosses a glade—leaps a stile. You start—you stand back in wonder and astonished admiration! You take out your tablet to write a sonnet on the return of the Nymphs and Dryads to the earth, when up comes John Tompkins, and says, 'tis only the farmer's daughter.' What,

have farmers such daughters now-a-days? Yes, I tell you they have such daughters. Those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is only another name for a very tender heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton; of joining him in the pensive pleasure of a pipe and jug of brown October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife, or the person and his family, of his sermons, and his pig; over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or wrapped in the delicious luxuries of custards or whipped cream. In walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a courtesy and a smile of winning and mysterious magic, takes a seat just opposite. It is the farmer's daughter, a living creature of eighteen, fair as the lily, fresh as May dew, rosy as the rose itself, graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window, sweet as a posy of violets and clover, gillivfers, modest as early morn, and amiable as your imagination of Desdemona or Gertrude of Wyoming. You are lost. It's all over with you. I would not give an empty fibber, or a frost bitten strawberry, for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as useful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation, into fancy farm houses, nice old fashioned places of old established contentment.—*The Hall and Hamlet, by William Howitt.*

Miscellaneous.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

Heroic Women of the Revolution. SKETCH OF MRS. PICKENS.

BY E. F. ELLETT.

REBECCA CALHOUN, the wife of General Andrew Pickens, was born in the year 1745. She was the daughter of Ezekiel Calhoun, who resided near Ilwaco Meeting House, Calhoun Settlement, Abbeville District, South Carolina, and grew up under the education common at that period in a frontier settlement. Her father was an amiable and intelligent gentleman, and possessed what was in those days considered an independent estate. In 1761, the settlement made on Long Cane, Abbeville District, was nearly broken up by a massacre of the Indians, and many of the best citizens were murdered at the Long Cane Bridge, near Calhoun's Settlement. Ezekiel Calhoun, with his young and interesting family, escaped to the Waxhaws on Broad River. It was there that General Pickens became acquainted with Miss Calhoun. He afterwards went to Calhoun's Settlement and married her, in 1763. She was considered very beautiful and attractive; and tradition says, it was the 'largest wedding' ever known in that section of country. As was the custom in those days of simplicity and cordial hospitality, all were invited far and near, to join in the festivities, which, it is said, lasted three days without intermission. The beauty of the bride was the theme of all tongues. She had extensive connections of the highest respectability, and the hospitality of her parental home was proverbial.

The bridegroom was in the full flush of joyous manhood, and was not of the kind that "said never a word," and "stood darning his bonnet and plume," but was

"So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war."

That no

"Brave maidens whispered—'Twere better by far,
To have wedded our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'"

On this great festive occasion, all were contented and happy.

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,
And went merry as a marriage bell."

"Rebecca Calhoun's Wedding" was long talked of as a great event in the neighborhood, and old people used it as a point of time to reckon from. While many 'lads and lasses' dated their first emotions of tenderness, and love from that joyous occasion.—She was remarkable for the elasticity of her form, with delicate and fair complexion, and a girlish playfulness that never deserted her, even in her old age. Pure was her heart as the dew drop hanging from the bosom of the mountain flower; and light was her step as the fawn playing upon the mountain brow. Bright rose her morning star, and not a cloud hung around it. Ah! how little did her young heart know of the trials and dangers that lay before her in the future!

During the perilous scenes of the Revolution, her devotion and fidelity cheered and sustained her gallant husband amidst all their difficulties, and made his home ever bright and dear, even through the blood and carnage of terrible days.

The frontier settlements of South Carolina had not only to encounter the British in their invasions from the seacoast, but the savages from the mountains, and the Tories in the neighborhood of their homesteads.—It was with them literally, "war to the knife, and from the knife to the hilt." Neither night nor day were they safe. Their houses were plundered and burnt by the Tories, and their children often massacred by the Indians. Mrs. Pickens was on many occasions compelled to abandon her husband's residence, near where Abbeville Court House now stands, and to secrete herself and children for days; while, at these times, she and her infant family was supported and sustained by their faithful and devoted negroes.

* General Pickens had a faithful African, Dick, who followed him throughout the war, and often fought by his side. This servant swam the Broad River twice in a cold winter's night, to get to the camp of his master—mistaking the enemy's camp once. At "the Cowpen," a wounded British officer, lying against a tree, asked Dick to bring him some water. He brought it in his hat, and then immediately put out his knee and asked to draw his boots. The officer said—"Surely, boy, you will not take them before I die!" Dick replied—"Him mighty fine, and massa need him mighty bad."

She endured all with fortitude that never failed. True to her country, she never forgot she was a soldier's wife. If he met with dangers in the field, her perils were not less in her situations, and her trials were to be borne without the stimulus of ambition, or the expectation of fame's reward.

Before the breaking out of the Revolution General Pickens had built a Block House at his residence, as a place of refuge to the settlement in case of danger from the Indians. Into this the inhabitants were often driven; and many a youthful warrior received his first training there, and caught the fire of that spirit which prepared him to be a freeman, and made him a soldier in the cause of his country.

It was on these occasions that Mrs. Pickens exerted her powerful influence upon those who were forced to gather around her husband's standard. Her kindness and cheerfulness in entertaining those who were thus thrown, as it were, upon her hospitality. Made all feel that they were welcome, and they were united together as brothers in a common case. Her active spirit shed a soft light upon all their councils. These were the scenes in which she received her education. These were the courts in which she acquired her graces.

After General Greene was forced to fall back from before Ninety-six, and retreated over Saluda River on his way towards North Carolina, it was generally supposed that South Carolina would soon become a conquered province, as the British held Ninety-six, Granby, Camden and Charleston, with the intermediate country. Mary Whig families fearing to remain, fled to Greene's Camp, to following and claim the protection of the retreating army. Among these was the family of General Pickens, who, with his command, (altogether holding his Commission from South Carolina) was then with Greene's army. It was supposed of course that Gen. Pickens would for their safety, &c., he immediately sent them back to share the common sufferings of the country, and thereby show that the struggle was not over, but that the spirit of resistance was undying. Mrs. Pickens with Roman fortitude, and the devotion of a true woman met the difficulties of her situation and sustained herself and her children throughout all reverses, amid the perils of times that fell upon her home and her country. Her husband's younger brother was a captain in the service, and was killed at the "star redoubt," Ninety-six. He was a brave officer, and devoted to her and her children, and often rendered her great assistance when General Pickens was absent. After his death she was obliged to struggle almost alone.

With elasticity of spirit, remarkable even in one of her sex, she had the peculiar faculty of rigid government over her children, who all feared and loved her. Her sons often spoke of it in after life. She was very playful with children, even in old age; and

"When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
And gentle peace returning."

her house was the delight of young people, and her playful spirit enlivened their evening sports.

She had three sons and six daughters.—Her sons graduated at Princeton and Brown University, and two of them became members of the bar. One of them was afterwards lieutenant-colonel in the tenth regiment, U. S. Army, in Canada, during the war of 1812; and before the termination of that war was chosen one of the colonels in a state brigade raised in South Carolina for the war. Judge Huger was chosen the general, and Colonel Drayton was the other colonel.

This son was in 1816, chosen governor of South Carolina, and was afterwards, in 1825, appointed, by the Alabama legislature, first president of their State Bank.

The brother of Mrs. Pickens, Colonel J. E. Calhoun, was a very eminent lawyer, and also a senator in Congress from South Carolina. The Hon. John C. Calhoun is her cousin.

She was kind and unostentatious; full of charity and meekness. She was a member of the Presbyterian church, and her piety was without the slightest tinge of bigotry. She died in 1815, and a marble slab marks the spot, by the side of her husband, where her earthly remains repose, in the sweet and hallowed vale that surrounds the "Old Meeting House," of Pendleton.

At a Roman banquet, a dispute arose between the distinguished revelers as to who had the best wife; and it was agreed that it should be decided by visiting that night each one's wife, to observe her occupation. One who afterwards exercised great influence upon the destiny of her country, was found busily engaged with her maidens preparing her wool for the loom. She was immediately pronounced by all the best wife. If judged by this Roman standard Mrs. Pickens would be pronounced the best of wives; for the wool and distaff were never neglected by her. She did not pretend to any of those accomplishments which modern ladies are too apt to think the only necessary in life. She knew nothing of the fashionable etiquette borrowed from the upstart manners in city life, and which has too much of late pervaded the interior of our country, corrupting that ancient and cordial hospitality which was once the pride and glory of South Carolina. But in all the genuine dignity that becomes a woman, in ease and affability of deportment, in gentleness and kindness of disposition and manners, she had few equals; while in all the pure and high virtues which adorn the female character, she had no superiors.

FATHER MATTHEW.—About 20,000 persons have taken the pledge at Father Mathew's hands, since his arrival in Boston. He has also administered it to many at Watertown and other neighboring places.

Some like sturgeon to eat, and others stir gin to drink.

How to acquire wealth and a wife at once.—"A scheme has been projected," says a Barcelona paper, "by a poor but talented young man here, anxious to form a matrimonial alliance with a lady likewise without fortune, which has for its aim the assurance of competence to the contracting parties. For this purpose the would-be-bridgroom proposes making a traffic of himself, and with this view has issued five thousand tickets at a dollar each. The female who shall draw the prize, no matter what her position may be will be entitled to full information respecting the physical and moral qualities of the gentleman, who, on his side, will also be afforded the same advantage. If both agree to conclude the projected alliance, they will possess a capital of \$5,000 to support the charges incident to matrimony; but should either object, the money is to be divided equally between them, each being thus furnished with a dowry to enable them, to make a choice in which chance shall take no part. The plan is an ingenious one, though its accomplishment is beset with difficulties. To what a pitch has calculation and speculation reached!"

AN INDIAN LYNCHED.—On Sunday, the 24th ultimo, a Chippewa Indian was hung, at the Falls of Chippewa, in Chippewa County, without jury or judge. On the evening previous some difficulty took place between the Indian and a Frenchman by the name of Marshall; of this difficulty we have not distinctly learned. About twelve o'clock at night, the Indian declared his intention to go in pursuit of Marshall and kill him. He soon found him, and pounced upon him, stabbing him twice with a large knife on the left side inflicting wounds which were at the time supposed to be fatal. This average act soon became known to the men at the Falls, and the Indian was pursued and overtaken about two hours after and bound with cords for a safe keeping until the next morning, (Sunday,) when he was taken and hung up, on a tree by the neck until he was dead." This Indian is represented as being one of the several brothers, who have been the terror not only of the whites, but of their own tribe, for sometime past; and the one hung had the day before threatened to kill another man; and the inhabitants deeming themselves insecure with such a savage among them, summarily lynched him. Marshall is living with a fair prospect of recovery.—*Prairie du Chien Patriot July 14.*

ANOTHER SAD AFFAIR.—A telegraphic despatch from Eldville, Ky., says that in consequence of some quarrel between Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Harman, at Harman's ferry, ten miles below that town, a lamentable affair occurred. Mrs. Watson went home, after the quarrel, and told her husband that she had been insulted, and called on him to resent it. Mr. Watson sent word to Harman that he would take his life next day. Accordingly he went to Harman's house, but not finding him there, he went in pursuit of him. They met on the road. Watson fired at Harman without effect. Harman drew his pistol, and shot Watson in the left shoulder, the ball ranging down the left side—his recovery is doubtful. The wives must feel very comfortable at the result of their quarrel.

St. Louis Republican 1st inst.

FACTS ABOUT ANAGMATISM.—A writer in the Boston Medical Journal states the following facts, which he says have been collected from authentic statistics:

1. That the longevity of the pure African is greater than that of the inhabitants of any other portion of the globe.
2. That mulattoes, i. e., those born of parents one being African and the other Caucasian, or white, are decidedly the shortest lived of any class of the human race.
3. That mulattoes are no more liable to die under the age of 25, than the whites or blacks between those ages—(from 40 to 55, 55 to 70, and 70 to 100.)
4. That the mortality of the free people of color in the United States is more than 100 per cent. greater than that of the slaves.
5. That those of unmixed African extraction in the "free states," are not more liable to sickness or premature death than the whites of their rank and condition in society, but that the striking mortality so manifest among the free people of color, is in every community and section of country invariably confined to the mulattoes.

A NOVEL TRICK.—Since the clera has been prevalent in the city, all sorts of plans and devices have been put in practice, to obtain brandy by fellows who are too lazy to work, and consequently are without the means of purchasing it. The last trick we have been informed of, is the following:

Two men travel together, and visit different grog shops, alternately becoming the victim of cholera. First one pretends to be suffering dreadfully from cramps, &c., and is led into the bar room by the other, and the sympathy of the barkeeper appealed to, pleading poverty as an excuse for not buying it. Under these circumstances, he of course succeeds, and the man gets a drink. At the next place, the other is the victim, and thus they go from grog shop to grog shop until they become intoxicated. They chanced to go to the same grog shop twice, however, lately when the trick was discovered.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

PRECEPT VS. PRACTICE.—On the morning of the day of the battle of Brandywine, Hunt, who was called the "High Priest" by the army, (being 7 feet,) had scarcely commenced praying to his regiment when the firing began at a distance rendering brevity necessary. He therefore concluded with these words: "Remember, brethren, that those who die in battle sup with the Lord," and then turned and marched off—when an officer said: "Pardon, are you not going to battle?" "No, Colonel, I am not," he replied, "for the Lord knows I never eat supper."

MRS. MADISON.

We announced in our last paper, the decease of this venerable lady. She was born on the 20th May, 1767, new style; which makes her to be 82 years 1 month and 22 days old, at the time of her death. From a sketch of her life, published in the Philadelphia "National Portrait Gallery," in 1836, we ascertain the following facts in relation to her early life:

The parents of Dolly Payne were natives of Virginia, and ranked among the most respectable citizens of the State. While on a visit to some of her friends in North Carolina, Mrs. Payne gave birth to her eldest daughter, the subject of this memoir.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Payne joined the Society of Friends, or Quakers, maintained their slaves, and removed to Pennsylvania.

Although nature was prodigal, fortune was niggard in its gifts; nor in her early life was she indebted to wealth or rank for the consideration she enjoyed in society.

At an early age, Miss Payne was married to Mr. Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, and a member of the Society of Friends. During his lifetime she continued to live in the simplicity and seclusion of that sect, though, even then, the beauty which became afterwards so celebrated began to attract attention. Soon, however, she was left a widow, with an infant son. After the death of her husband, her father also being dead, she returned to live with her surviving parent, who had fixed her residence in Philadelphia.

The personal charms of the young widow, united as they were with manners cordial, frank and gay, excited the admiration and awakened the kind feelings of all who came within their influence; and, unstaid by the extrinsic and accidental advantages of fortune or fashion, she became a general favorite, and the object not only of admiration, but of serious and devoted attachment. Among many lovers, equally distinguished by their rank and talents, who vied for her favor, she gave the preference to Mr. Madison, then one of the most conspicuous and respectable members of Congress; and in the year 1794 became the wife of that truly great and good man.

THE SYMPTOMS OF CHOLERA.

An erroneous opinion prevails among many persons that the Asiatic Cholera strikes its victim with the suddenness almost of lightning. The fact is, that there are very few diseases which give earlier or more certain warning of their approach; and it is only after the patient has labored under the incipient stages for three or four days, that the final attack occurs. If the premonitory symptoms are watched, cholera is comparatively harmless, indeed far less fatal than any other disorder to which mankind is subject.

The first indication of the approach of the disease is a hardness, or fullness in the abdomen, betraying a slight derangement in the organs there situated. If a glass of water is taken, a feeling of distress, or uneasiness ensues, generally of a light character however, and in consequence frequently disregarded altogether, or soon forgotten. In time—on the next day perhaps, occasional pains shoot through the stomach, and a sensation of nausea is experienced. Diarrhoea ensues, perhaps vomiting, the next day after, or, in violent cases, on the same day. Even though the patient may have disregarded the former symptoms, if he will now call in a physician, and take proper remedies, he is nearly sure of recovery, more sure than a person attacked with fever, or other ordinary disorders. If, however, he neglects these forewarnings, violent cramp succeeds, and then there is real danger.

The only relief, therefore, that exists, arises from the carelessness of the public, superinduced by the gentleness of the disease in its earlier stages. If a man is attacked with the cramp, and dies in a few hours, it is said that he fell a victim to the cholera in a single day! Yet in reality, if inquiry was instituted, it would be found that he had been laboring under the premonitory stages of the disease for several days; and that the cramp, which was considered the first, was in reality the last assault of the enemy. The lassitude accompanying the earlier progress of the disorder, joined to the extreme mildness of the symptoms, induces frequently a criminal carelessness, which leads in the most fatal results. Yet, if the approaches of the disease are watched, they are certain to yield to proper and timely treatment.

AVOW YOUR PRINCIPLES.

We took the following from an address delivered by Dr. Olin, before the students of the University of Middlebury. The address is said, by those who have read it, to be a most admirable production. The extract below is peculiarly appropriate to the time:

Always be ready to avow your principles of action. Scorn concealment. Put on your true colors to the gaze of men and angels. There is a false prudence, a mock modesty, which inoculates the opposite method. It discourages confession, as avowal of ostentation, and would have us leave the world to infer the existence of virtuous principle from our conduct. In most instances this is but a paltriness expedient to avoid responsibility, to save convenient position for treachery or evasion. It is well and safe to stand committed to the right, that the world may know, in advance, where you will be found in day of trial; and it is a reflection upon a good man's intelligence or integrity to have his opinions and principles forever unsettled or in doubt. Society has a right to know what it may expect from him, and justly suspects him of interested and dishonest aims, when he chooses to remain undecided and uncommitted till suffrage has announced the safe way.

Educated men ate the natural sources and guides of popular opinion, and they are bound to stand forth boldly, to battle with prejudice, and breast the intimation of passion, though at some risk of being swept away by its fury. The principles of the educated, active, influential men of every community, generally become its public sentiment. This living emblem of reason, truth, and righteousness, acts upon the multitude with vast more directness and efficiency than books of morals and religion; and as it constitutes the most effectual method for the formation and vigorous maintenance of a sound public sentiment, so it is chiefly relied upon for that function. On this account was it that the laws of Athens held that any citizen was an enemy to the State who remained a neutral in any important crisis or question of general interest. The Redeemer of the world has given to this equitable principle the sanction of religion, and

it is only they who come him before men, whom he will confess before the angels in heaven.

Let every one who would not become a mere puppet and slave to the passions of feeling more solicitude for reputation than he does for his principles. If there are to be no more of these principles, can ever be secured by such dishonorable success; and any but a weak and unscrupulous man will prefer to live his time, and wait for more auspicious days, when God, whose attributes, every side with the right, will pluck its drowned boats from the deep, and make the conscientious and the brave slaves in its triumphs. Whoever would maintain while his principles are under the law, must fall back upon the expedients and resources of party, which is always framed and held together by compromises in which principle is sacrificed to policy. Into this turbid medium, from which virtue and conscience never come forth without a stain, good, but ambitious men, who feel a moral and feeble purpose, are ever ready to plunge.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The Intelligence by the American presents several features of interest, although in general a complexion has not yet been materially altered. Commercial confidence is still an uncertain feeling in the English market, and the general opinion of the public mind, the general opinion, has reached their termination. The most interesting item of the news is the new assurance which the Hungarians are making to the combined forces of Austria and Prussia, with the expression of popular feeling in England, which this resistance has brought out. It should not be surprised, if this manifestation of English sympathy finds an echo in other parts of England, forcing the British government to acknowledge a *de facto* government in Hungary. Such an acknowledgment would be a moral support of the utmost consequence to the Hungarians.

There are various circumstances which still at work in the different portions of Europe, and in what manner they will shape its ultimate still be matter of conjecture. France and England are not acting with the same apparent harmony—in the spirit of that cordiality—which was exhibited in the first stages of the European trouble. The intervention of Rome has produced some alienation between the two powers, and if England is forced to throw itself into a position of indirect support to Hungary, this may introduce a feature of complication into the affairs of Europe, combinations entirely unexpected and which will be inhibited in her international relations.

The treaty of Vienna is still referred to in diplomatic notes. In Parliamentary debates, in the discussions of the press, and in the belief that the territorial and political demarcations established by the treaty of settlement will be restored. Can it be imagined that a re-arrangement of German interests on the old basis will be permitted? Can it be within the range of probability, that Prussia, placing herself at the head of a new German league, having poured out her blood and treasure to subdue the insurrectionary spirit of the Rhenish provinces, will quietly permit the house of Hapsburg, again to assume the lead in German affairs? The German Confederation must be modified to suit the change of circumstances.

So soon as dangers exist to the internal tranquility of Europe, the work of a difficult diplomacy begins. The relations of both Germany and Italy are to be reconstituted on a new basis. Prussia claims to claim her share of political influence as a head of a new combination, while France will not withdraw her battalions from Rome, without some concessions that will add to her political influence in Italy. If we admit that Russia will exert nothing from Austria, as the price of her services, and the latter is permitted to retain Galicia, she enters the international circle of Europe short of much of her former power and consideration. Hungary may be subdued, but that gallant country will not form hereafter an integral portion of the Austrian Empire. Austria must wind up the political drama, as a second rate power, Prussia pushing her from her old position as the head of the German Confederation, France holding her in check in Italy, and Russia making her able, in one way or another, in territory or money, for a debt which she must finally discharge.

These circumstances must introduce important modifications in respect to the international relations of Europe, as determined by the treaty of Vienna. Its provisions have become obsolete by the force of events. Whether new conflicts will grow out of this altered position of affairs, whether the large armies still on foot will be employed in making new adjustments of relative power, before they are disbanded—we shall soon learn, now that the suppression has taken place everywhere of the spirit of political insubordination.—*See News.*

CHOOSE YE.—Col. Washington, of the United States Army, at present in command of the Department of New Mexico, has issued his proclamation in pursuance of the late treaty, advising the inhabitants of the Territory ceded to this country to decide, by the 30th of May (last) whether they will become American citizens, or retain the character of Mexicans. Our opinion is that they will retain the character of Mexicans, whether they become American citizens or not. That old story about the Ethiopians changing the color of his hide appears to be a greater, monstrously. We are in favor of their shouldering their trumpany and leaving the Territory.

A class which graduated not a month and years ago, embraced among its members Tom Elliot, an incorrigible wag; but one who was not noted for any particular and pointed attention to his studies. Mathematics was a particular object of Tom's disregard, and this caused him an occasional jest with the dry Professor of Conics. On one occasion, the professor, during the recitation, asked Tom to explain the method of ascertaining the horizontal parallax of the sun. Tom replied:

"I don't know how."

"But," said the professor, "suppose you were appointed by the government to ascertain it, what would you do?"

"I'd resign!" gravely responded Tom, amid the convulsive laughter of the class, and even the professor actually perpetrated a grin.